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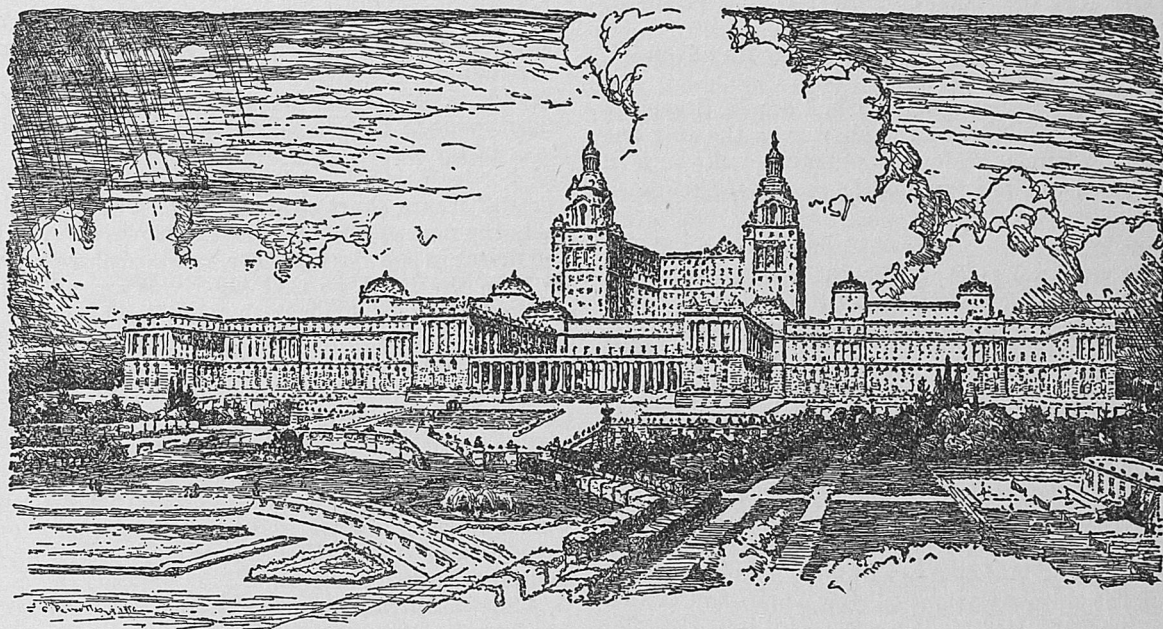
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MISCELLANY



IF certain artists of New York had not proved to ocular demonstration that they are sufficiently equipped with "business sense" to plan, carry out and make financial successes of huge studio buildings, it would be natural to regard the scheme for a New Versailles on the shores of Manhasset Bay, Long Island, as nothing more than the dream of an iridescent megalomaniac. But it may be that two objections which occur at once are after all superficial. One is the name given the scheme, Versailles, which is unfortunate, the other is the costliness of the venture, which seems prohibitive. Examining the plan, however, one soon finds that there is no intention on the part of its promoters to reproduce either the palace or the park of Versailles, so that the choice of the name must be referred to the same haphazard method that gives to hotels and theatres and towns of the United States their variegated and badly fitting appellations—and as to the cost of the venture, one discovers that there is no purpose to construct the buildings at once but on the contrary to erect them only as fast as they are needed.

The object of the promoters—who comprise a judicious mixture of artists and business men—is to establish about twenty miles from the city near Long Island Sound a combination of home and studio with the advantages only found in cities, "a city home in the country and a country home in the city," as the highly flavored and finely illustrated prospectus puts it. The drawings of the bird's-eye view, towers, colonnades and fountains by Mr. Jules Guérin contribute to one's belief that such fairy fabrications are not beyond the pale of the possible.

These we will not give but merely offer a sketch of the ultimate structure, that which will rise farther inland, away from the bay, in case all goes well and the buildings down by the waterside attract the necessary quota of investors and paying guests.

As in laying out the plans of a city it is wise to provide for future growth, so the organization of artists with Mr. Thomas Hastings at the head has provided complete designs, not merely original paintings and drawings but models of the buildings in plaster, all on exhibition at the galleries of the Academy of Design, West Fifty-seventh Street. One of the fountains will be that designed for the Chicago Exposition by MacMonnies, another the one by Aitken shown at an Academy Exhibition last year.

New Versailles is to be built like the studio buildings on West Sixty-seventh Street on a co-operative plan and will be erected piece by piece as the scheme develops. As set forth in the prospectus the plan offers many attractive ideas. It will provide another centre for art-lovers and artists much needed in the neighborhood of New York.

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Whistler had dainty tastes and did not care to have his pupils smoke in the studio. A new student, expecting the master's arrival, had made ready his canvas which pleased him well; so, drawing out his pipe, he proceeded to fill and light it. Presently the slender form and white plume appeared. Whistler came in, glanced sharply around, went up to the picture of the smoker, gave a long savage look and

turning to the freshman: "My advice is that you give up trying to paint. If for you the *great moment* should arrive, you might let your pipe go out!"

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It is told of the late Alfred Stevens of Brussels and Paris that at an exhibition where one of his charming figures of a well-dressed woman was shown, he overheard one lady exclaim to another: "Isn't it just too lovely? How I wish I knew M. Stevens!"

Prompted by a very natural vanity he advanced, bowed and said gravely:

"Madame, you have your wish, I am M. Stevens."

"Oh, delightful!" was the answer as the fair one clapped her hands. "Monsieur Stevens, will you, will you tell me, who is your model's *modiste*?"

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Chief Running Deer, a Mohawk brave, may have owed his name to his fleetness of foot; at any rate he has a grandchild who has won fame by footing it before royal families and other notabilities in Europe. Miss Running Deer is a dancer of renown with many medals to her credit. Music has attracted another Mohawk named Oskenonton who hopes to attain the opera with his fine barytone. An Onondaga rejoicing in a completely Anglo-Saxon name is the conductor of a band of Indians selected from various "nations" among the Iroquois. His name is David Russell Hill. His is only one of many bands of music among the old Six Nations of New York and Canada. With these Mr. Hill made a successful tour through France, Germany and Italy before the world-war. Indians in Mexico and South America have always shown a liking and facility for music, while weaving, pottery work and cabinet making are practised today by some of the Southwest Indians with dexterity and taste, whether they repeat their own traditional designs more or less influenced by Spanish models or else imitate directly the works of the whites. Mexico has never taken proper care of these talents inborn in her population.

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After his lecture on Rembrandt a speaker before a Brooklyn audience was delighted to learn from one of his hearers, an elderly lady, that his labor has been appreciated. "What interested me most was that discovery of yours as to the influence of that Japanese artist on Rembrandt," she remarked affably. "Japanese?" said the lecturer, "how do you mean?" "Why—Karo Scuro—the painter you referred to so often! That was quite new to me."

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Did you ever study the portraits of the two Brothers Brown which appear in an advertisement all about the land—a notice of anti-sneezing drops? For sneezing in a light and inconspicuous way, for sneezing in a noisy vein that sounds like a call to arms in trumpet tones, for consecutive sneezes called by victims hay-fever—these drops are a specific. At least the Brothers Brown say they are, and their uncommonly serious faces as advertised compel belief.

There is something pleasingly artless and Early Victorian in the woodcut which incidentally decorates the box of sneeze-drops and pursues its idyl in

the columns of a thousand papers. The Brothers Brown are not distinguished by first names, but chance seems to have presented them with what they lack; for under the left-hand Brown is the word Trade and under the right the word Mark. Trade Brown and Mark Brown are seated the one opposite the other at a table, on which they have been compounding the dread yet beneficent ingredients of Sneeze-Drops. Curious glasses and twisty retorts are there—enough to sober any one; but what lends an anticipation, a suspicion of coming tragedy to the scene is the expression on the manly faces of the brothers.

Trade is plainly the inventor, as we note from his raised eyes and rapt look, his firmly set mouth; while Mark is the man of experience who buys materials and bottles cheap, and looks after the advertising. "Trade" wears short chin-whiskers, but "Mark," as befits the man of guile who has to contend for prices and prizes in the market-place, is bearded more heavily than the Pard, so that his rivals cannot tell by the twitching of his mouth what he would be at. Trade has a determined, almost scowling expression, while Mark has a bulgy brow and a bad eye. If one were a rival maker of sneeze-drops, one would not care to be a respecter of the Sullivan Law and yet meet with Mark Brown in a lonely place. It is to be feared that a life passed in wrestling with the Sordid Facts of life has changed Mark from what once he was, a nice boy who never did anything less innocent than stealing a sled after school or "finding" apples and eggs on his father's land. Certainly we detect in his concentrated brow and the lines we apprehend rather than observe about his heavily enveloped mouth—a determination to do no matter whom.

We are forced by this idyl of trade to chart prophetically the future of the otherwise estimable citizens. As in a dream we see Mark descending deeper and deeper into the toils of ambition, while the public takes more and more Sneeze Drops and invests nickel on nickel in their gayly decorated box. Already perchance Mark sees himself a Napoleon of Finance, advancing irresistibly from a Ten-Cent to a Department Store and eventually hob-nobbing with Presidents, Kings and Kaisers, hiding ever the good wine of his ventures under that awful Bush. But what will be the fate of Trade Brown, the innocent, the dreamer, the inspired, the founder of the family fortune? Alas! let us draw the veil, lest by lifting a corner we discern Mark Brown alone, with Trade Brown thrown to the discard.

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Studying an Archæologist, a Mummy would find little that was new in him, remarks Señor Don Marquis, a hidalgo who has been printing some very profound thoughts of late in *El Sol Vespertino*, thoughts too deep for tears.

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Amateur sketchers please note: The Abbé Malotrio was an eccentric priest of Normandy at a time when Protestants were taboo, when to be suspected of Lutheranism was the first step to exile or prison. One of the Abbé's fads was to wear several waistcoats and breeches of different colors at the same time, along with coat on coat and cape over cape. One day as he stood at the altar he saw his friend M. de Lasson smiling somewhat broadly at the figure he

cut. Seized by a fit of rage he denounced Lasson then and there as a Lutherist and hastening from church summoned him before the Court. Lasson, however, was something of a draughtsman and had been spending the time better fitted to his devotions in a sketch of the worthy Abbé. To the judges he made answer: "I regret to have so far forgot myself as to smile in church during mass; but your Honors, the smile was not because I'm not a good Catholic—sour Calvin himself must have smiled, if in his heretic chapels he had come across such a figure as this . . ." and Lasson held up to the judges a sketch of the Abbé clad in his multiform garb—four capes, three waistcoats and more than two pairs of breeches—a garb singularly at variance with the vestments of a priest. The judges shouted with laughter and Lasson escaped the Inquisition.

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He made an exception in favor of Music—that medieval Saint, Joachim of Flora, when he talked about *ascetics*, those pious folk who have no room in their world for *aesthetics*. "In truth," said he, "the real monk considers nothing his own—save his harp."

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Says Havelock Ellis in "Affirmations": Civilization is the garment which man makes to clothe himself with. It is for each of us to help to put in a patch here, to sew a button there or to work in more embroidery. But the individual himself, with his own personal organic passions, never becomes part of the garment: he only wears it. Not indeed that we are called upon to refuse to wear it. The person who can so refuse to follow the whole tradition of the race whence he springs is organically abnormal, not to say morbid. His fellows have a fair right to call him a lunatic or a criminal. The real question is, whether we shall allow ourselves to be crushed to the earth, lame, impotent and anæmic, by the mere garment of civilization, or whether we shall so strive to live that we wear it loosely and easily and athletically, recognizing that it is infinitely less precious than the humanity it clothes, still, not without its beauty and its use.

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"The theatre and music," said Nietzsche, "are the haschisch and betel of Europeans, and the history of the so-called higher culture is largely the history of narcotics." His sister relates that when a child he was deeply impressed by a rope-dancer who performed in the market-place of Naumburg where they lived, and that explains his frequent use of similes from dancing to represent the finest culture—supple, strong and in perfect Greek poise. In one case he says: "I do not know what the mind of a philosopher need desire more than to be a good dancer. Dancing is his ideal, his art in truth, and indeed his only piety, his divine worship." Nietzsche was a great admirer and reader of Emerson, but had a very poor opinion of Emerson's friend Thomas Carlyle, whom he singled out as an eminent example of mental dyspepsia—a man without the balance and poise of the French and Greek classic writers. Carlyle was far too German in style to suit the taste of

Nietzsche who found the greatest faults in his fellow-countrymen and preferred to think of himself as a Pole by virtue of his ancestry.

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Sam Johnson was furious with Sir Joshua Reynolds for painting him as he was, and especially objected to the way he drew his eyes. "I do not want to be called 'blinking Sam' by posterity," said Boswell's *ursa major* in regard to this too realistic portrait. Johnson should have lived to-day to enjoy the sympathy of company with some victims of modern art.

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Technically, a decadent style is only such in relation to a classic style, says Havelock Ellis in his essay on Huysmans. It is simply a further development of a classic style, a further specialization—the homogeneous (in Spencerian phraseology) having become heterogeneous. The first is beautiful because the parts are subordinated to the whole; the second is beautiful because the whole is subordinated to the parts. Among our own (British) early prose-writers Sir Thomas Browne represents the type of decadence in style. Swift's prose is classic, Pater's decadent. Hume and Gibbon are classic, Emerson and Carlyle decadent. In architecture, which is the key to all the arts, we see the distinction between the classic and the decadent visibly demonstrated. Roman architecture is classic, to become in its Byzantine development completely decadent, and St. Mark's is the perfected type of decadence in art. Pure early Gothic, again, is strictly classic in the highest degree, because it shows an absolute subordination of detail to the bold harmonies of structure; while later Gothic, grown weary of the commonplaces of structure, and predominantly interested in beauty of detail, is again decadent. In each case the earlier and classic manner—for the classic manner, being more closely related to the ends of utility, must always be the earlier—subordinates the parts to the whole and strives after the virtues of individualism. All art is the rising and falling of the slopes of a rhythmic curve between these two classics and decadent extremes."

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So primitive and natural to mankind is the dance that a good part of Western civilization affects to regard it askance, as savoring of primeval sin, and another section ignores it as a survival of a harmless kind which lingers on in order to amuse women and boys. It is so universal, so common to all sorts and samples of people in all corners of the globe, that very little attention has been devoted to it by philosophers and other kindly souls who enjoy scraping the dust off the wings of a butterfly. Its very ubiquity has kept the sociologist at bay; its apparent harmlessness has appeased the dragons of self-consciousness among Anglo-Saxons (if that foolish hyphenation may pass) and certain references in the Old Testament to the solemn dances of ritual have not only appeased the consciences of believers but formed the basis for weird imitations on the part of Quakers, Shakers and Mormons.

"For you and I are past our dancing days."

Now the present century finds the dance more pop-

ular than it ever was before and that not merely among the young but the old. Grave and reverend seignors no longer resign themselves to dancelessness, but cut and caper with the best. Grandmothers, not to speak of mothers, make teetotums of themselves with the utmost naïveté and do not hesitate to renew their maiden triumphs of the ballroom, if they can find the partners. Along with this revival of the dance goes the effort to raise it to the level of an art by studying the dances of the ancients so far as they can be understood through sculpture and painting and descriptions by old writers, also by studying the dances of primitive folk and reviewing its phenomena on the modern stage. Dancing has revealed itself again as a serious expression of thought and emotion with which the judicious must reckon.

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A sign of this honoring of the dance and its recognition as one of the most intimately human of arts is the appearance of an *édition de luxe* called "The Book of the Dance" which presents by way of the camera the figures of many young women who are proficient in the dance. It has an introduction by Shamus O'Shiel. Dr. Arnold Genthe, author of a book on San Francisco's Chinatown and others, is a photographer among photographers, to whom few secrets in posing and printing are unfamiliar. He has assembled a rarely interesting collection of dancers in various garbs, from that of Paradise to that of the opera, among which it is difficult to select a really ugly one. Pupils are here from the schools of Loie Fuller and Isadore Duncan, of Miss Noyes and half a dozen more; they seem for the most part girls in the bud, with slender limbs and torsos half developed, charming creatures that make one believe in the possibility of counteracting the effect of weight without resorting to the support of wings, nudes that are not naked, draperies that are not for concealment but for added charm.

"And then she danced—O Heaven her dancing!"

There is no book quite like this in the world, neither of the present nor the past. Sculptors and painters and draughtsmen for the illustrated press will use this volume as a reference for action. It is plain that many, many attempts to catch and coin a light, natural movement in the dance were needed before it was possible to achieve the resultant print. The dance for the education of body and mind, the dance as a school of bodily control and of manners, the dance as a spectacle informed with art—these are the ideas suggested as one looks over the plates. If the grandfathers and grandmothers earn our sympathy when we see them cavort, these pretty grandchildren with their lovely virginal curves make us hail the dance when painted in living lines by triumphal Youth!

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The senior member of the Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers, has devised by will another million to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, which upon the death of another member of the firm will also inherit a fund left by Mr. H. B. Dick to his partner Howard Abendroth. The disappointment in failing to get the large J. P. Morgan exhibits may be set off against such gifts as this and the Altman.

Notwithstanding the fact that the city has given the Museum a site and presented it with a constantly growing procession of buildings and allowed it an annual subvention, it appears that the Museum is always "hard up." When extraordinary objects impossible to duplicate appear at public or private sale, there is no money to secure them, and this despite the millions left the Museum by Rogers and other benefactors. Apparently the cost of merely caring for and guarding the collections absorbs all the income from these gifts. New York has become a wonderful centre for works of modern and ancient art; now and then a rare *occasion* occurs; but almost always it is not the museum on Manhattan but some other repository of art for the public that bags the game. The Metropolitan needs badly a person with the necessary *flair* as well as knowledge who has the leisure to act as scout and leader of reconnaissance, in order to warn the authorities when and where such "bargains" are to be had.

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Many are the well-meaning aesthetes who dream of influencing the American public and leading them into the paths of taste and beauty, but as a rule the public proves "goat-legged"—*bockbeinig* as the Germans say; they plant all four feet and pull in the other direction. Perhaps the reformers set their levers to work at the wrong building; perhaps they are not careful enough to choose a really popular edifice and then, after reproving the ugly features, offer some counsel how the beautiful or at any rate the inoffensive might take their place.

For example: there are the enormously popular varieties of athletic games like football and baseball. Is there any valid excuse for the ugly lines and colors that surround and accompany the famous teams which occupy the attention of absorbed crowds for hours at a time? Is there no one to help these gallant youths, on whom such throngs dote, to beautiful rather than hideous uniforms and to garments which display instead of debasing the human form divine? Must football men conceal their shapes in ugly bolsters and helmets apparently designed with the express purpose of making them look like zanies? In the scramble for gate-money is there no modest appropriation for some artist to design a decent if not beautiful substitute for those bad apologies for clothes, into which the unfortunate players of the "national game" are thrust? Think what a bad influence on growing boys and girls is this brutal indifference to what is fitting and comely!

These players are just as much actors as the people on the stage, but actors lacking the advantages of background, face paint and footlights granted by the boards. It is inhuman as well as ill-advised to equip them so sordidly, to make them ugly, to forego the opportunity to exhibit what they have of manly beauty. At bottom this refusal to do the best that conditions allow is nothing more than a result of the fallacy that beauty is something trivial and effeminate. What can be more awkward and raw than the appearance of the umpires at a baseball game in ugly civilian coats and derby hats? They should have a handsome and distinctive dress, not appear like two men brought in from the crowd to act as judges, wearing the frightful duds that the public submits

to wear at the hands of those idiots who do "tailoring" for a living—and thrive. Which set of baseball magnates will be the first to engage an expert to design beautiful and appropriate clothes for the teams?

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Paintings in the Newest Art Style by Mr. Ben Ben have inspired Miss Jemima Stone, one of our most gifted poetesses of passion, to the following "lyric of the ideal" in *vers libres*:

THE ALPHABET OF LOVE

A Lyric of the Ideal in Futuristic

By JEMIMA STONE

Evoked at Sight of a Painting by Ben Ben

Ah, ah—Ben Ben!
Da, da . . . fie, fie!
Goo-goo . . . la, la . . .
Mama! Papa!
Pooh pooh . . .
Queeck, queeck . . .
Rah, 'rah, 'rah!
Ssh—ssh—ssh . . .
Ta, ta . . . va, va!
Wa, wah . . . ya, yah . . .
Zaza, zaza, zah!!

Those of our readers who lack imagination may require a comment on this gem by Miss Stone, but we cannot help them if they fail to evoke a coy maiden and a cave man . . . the feminine fugaciousness of the one, the brazen daring of the other . . . the flight, the capture and the rapture, then, in the last line, the hoofs of the steed thundering down the pass as the Triumphant Lover waves her his farewell . . . but, with some mentalities, what's the use?

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'Twas playtime at the booby hatch,
The mixed nuts all were there
And one there was with ruffled thatch
Who fixed on me a corkscrew stare.

His one hand clutched a mangy brush,
The other held an empty can,
While with a heightened hectic flush
He rambled of a nutty plan.

"I'll find it yet—the thing I seek!"
He muttered low, his eyes like steel,
"I'll sail along a bay rum creek,
A barber steering at the wheel!"

"What is it that you seek?" I said,
"On which you've set your heart and soul?"
"Striped paint!" he yelled, "striped white and red—
So I can paint a barber pole!"

C. A. Westcott in *New York Evening Sun*

Until November tenth the National Arts Club will hold an exhibition of photographs under the auspices of the Institute of Graphic Arts. Many of the original color-plates made by Dr. Genthe for "The Book of the Dance" are shown in the alcove that contains his work, together with color-prints taken from these photographic color-plates. In collaboration with Mr. Frederick Ives he has been experimenting on this curious and novel movement in photography—which proposes nothing less than to obtain plates that not only reproduce objects and landscapes in their actual hues and tones, but permit impressions to be taken from them without loss of values.

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Apropos of "New Versailles," the plan described elsewhere, Mr. Paul W. Bartlett had this to say at the Union League Club, New York:

"It is the first time, I believe, that so many distinguished men of the United States have met with the foremost artists of their own country for a great and fruitful purpose. Industry is the basis of the grandeur of a nation, but art, in its full sense, is the essence of splendor and the supreme expression of the greatness of a Nation.

"Every ancient civilization has felt the desire to be thus expressed—and has striven to immortalize in lasting forms its emotions, beliefs and national characteristics.

"We stand in awe in the presence of the stupendous works of the Egyptians and the Assyrians, our admiration for Greece cannot be expressed in words, the cathedrals of the Middle Ages fill us with an overpowering feeling of reverence, and the Italian and French Renaissance seem to be inexhaustible in their power of radiation of charm and beauty; all of these magnificent human, artistic manifestations were due to Cooperation—Cooperation of Capital and Genius.

"Sometimes the financiers and promoters of these manifestations were Emperors, sometimes Kings, Princes and Democracies. At other times the Church itself did the financing and added her divine inspiration to the genius of the artists, and once in a while a simple private citizen has financed some great artist.

"In many cases the names of both promoters and artists have been lost and forgotten, but the result of their efforts have stood the test of ages.

"The History of these collaborations of Intelligence, Finance and Genius is profoundly interesting and sometimes touching.

"To better express what I mean, I only have to mention the relations between Leonardo da Vinci and the Duke of Mantua, and later with Francis the First of France, and of Velasquez and the King of Spain, Louis XIV and his splendid staff, and, nearer to us, Jean François Millet and his dear friend Sensier, the modest private citizen.

"While it is true that the artist can forge for himself a brilliant and successful career, it is also true that when it comes to enterprises of vast magnitude, in which the grandiose plays a dominating part, the aid and friendship of the financier is absolutely necessary.

"For such undertakings the artist cannot finance himself. The primary object of an artist, it is hardly necessary to say, is the production during

his life of as many fine works as possible. The accumulation of money must not be for him the ultimate object. The complete lack of money, however, is for the artist a calamity; too much money is a catastrophe, and the artist who uses his art solely as a means to make money is a traitor to his profession.

"If our meeting this evening culminates in a definite collaboration, we will be taking the initial and permanent step towards the growth of a great American Art, and no one can measure its future results. And this step will be taken none too soon, as all that we have at present to show to the World as a National expression of grandeur in art is vested in our formidable *grand canyons down-town!* Our collaboration will lead also, I believe, to a better understanding between the artist and financier.

"The business man in the United States often looks upon the artist, and with some reason, as a queer proposition; in many ways incompetent, casual in his affairs, careless as to his responsibilities. The business man has failed to realize that the artist, the real artist, I mean, is constantly pursuing an ever-fleeting ideal of beauty—that he has both vision and wings, and that his inspiration sometimes leads him astray, and that when this has happened he must perforce begin his work all over again.

"On the other hand, the artists have thought, and not without reason, that the business men have considered art too much in the light of ordinary business, the occasion for easy bargains, and that they felt they had discharged their duty towards art by showing a practical interest in the "old masters." The artists have also felt that the "young masters" were somewhat forgotten, and that art as a financial asset to a city or to the nation was not sufficiently recognized.

"In their turn the artists have failed to understand that in presence of all the conflicting movements in modern art the layman is profoundly puzzled and bewildered, and that it is just as difficult for him to know whether he has a real "young master" in hand, as it is for him to be sure he has a real "old master" in his gallery!

"In our collaboration, we may learn from each other, we may learn to appreciate each other, and in working together on this great scheme we will also be working for America.

"If the names of Lorenzo and Cosimo de Medici stand out so brilliantly in the history of Italy, it is because they dearly loved their own city of Florence, and because they devoted a great part of their energy and fortune to its embellishment, and because they were able to win for that purpose the collaboration of the choicest genius of their time!

"I feel that I can safely say that the financiers, promoters and artists connected with "New Versailles" can feel pride to know that they are adding lasting fame to their names, and the satisfaction to reflect that they are at the same time being useful to their country."

* * *

LES VISITEUSES

Translated from *Le Figaro*

Without doubt it is because the days are so short at this melancholy period of the year that I sank back like an old man before my writing-

desk—what wonder? Four o'clock has not struck, yet the daylight that comes in at my window has insensibly faded away, weak and gray. In my room the objects appear more vague—little by little they lose their form, and one might say their solidity—they are no more than shadows. Yet one hesitates to get up and replace by artificial light the rays of the sun, long disappeared. Almost like a superstition—you have a sort of fear that the day has quickly and traitorously departed and the night come on. You wait, you give yourself reason for waiting—one is better off thus—one can indulge in reverie. I will see in the deepening twilight things which have remained twilighty in my thoughts. And truth is, simple and humiliating as it may be, that one dozes, like an old workman, worn out and sleepy on a bench.

This annihilation of my consciousness no doubt lasted but some moments. When I awaked in the almost complete obscurity, two women were seated before me—one rather vulgar in appearance, but still healthy and young—or rather, I should say well-preserved in spite of some signs of the outrages of years. For the other, she appeared to have attained the supreme degree of physiological misery—and modesty itself forbids me to describe the infamy one read in her visage. It was this one who spoke:

"I was so beautiful—alas," said she, "formerly." "You are not the Republic, however?" I asked her. "No," she replied, "but I am Painting, and I come from the 'Salon d'Automne': Behold all that remains of me—regard!—or rather, for pity avert your eyes! That, in the first place, I have lost my charm and then my beauty, there can be no doubt. For some time this misfortune has struck me. I commenced by anæmia—I had pale colors, dear sir! To renew my complexion I don't know what they injected into my veins—some poison, no doubt—some fatal poisonous stimulant. The fact is that I now have the air of a rotten mass. I am no longer pale, but green, yellow, blue, red and violet—just like an abscess. And I have a disease of the bones, nothing is more sure, coxalgies, weaknesses, an incurable Pott's disease. They have spliced my leg to the coxix, or the intestines—my arms to the spinal column at the neck, unless it be to the spine of the back.

"There are people who seek to console me, and perhaps they do it in good faith. If some one had jointed me nearly correctly—I say nearly—there would still be wanting something—muscles, the joints, bulk. When my poor body is decidedly so badly jointed then I don't know how to hold it upright. When they have given my flesh the aspect of a mineral specimen or the effect of the most exceptional animal decomposition, these same people cry out: 'This artist, by a courageous *parti-pris*, makes an abstraction of drawing. But he's a sorcerer, the magician, the mystic of color! Only the ignorant can ignore the ties that attach him to Delacroix.'

"For such is the taste of the day. With the critics, apropos of everything and of nothing, one must invoke the historical evolution. Notice, sir, I do not talk to you of the Cubists. I don't care a farthing for them—they make marquetry and a sort of cabinet-work—not painting. But the others—oh, the others! What have they done with the body of woman—the subtle and luminous flesh of woman?